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Glimmerglass

"This is the day upon which we are reminded of what we are on the other three-hundred and sixty-four."
Mark Twain

Yes, you're right. It's not April Fool's Day for two days yet. But we thought it kindness to give someone a headstart.

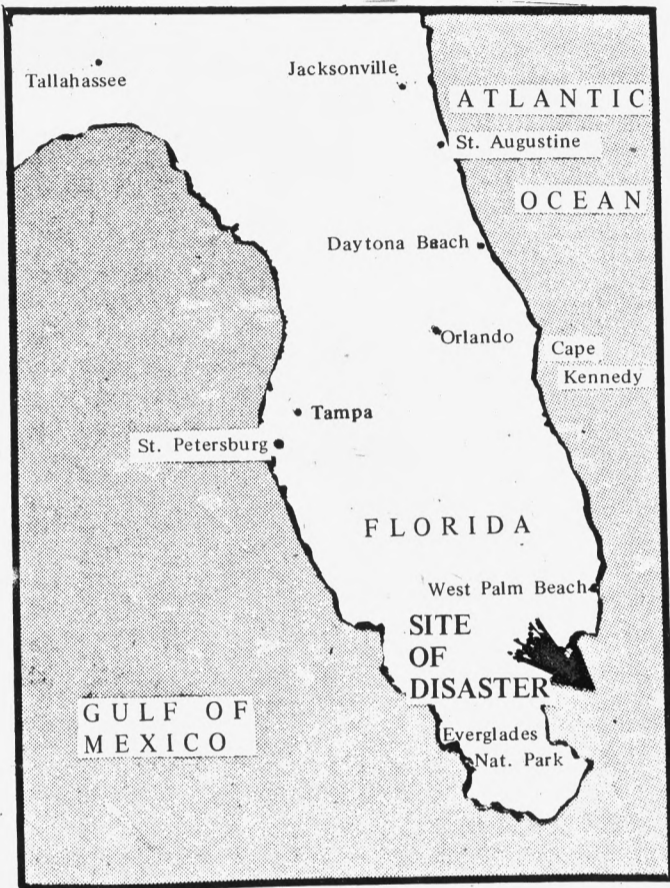
Volume XXXI No. 15

Olivet Nazarene College

Kankakee, Illinois

March 30

Miami Falls Into Ocean: No Serious Injuries



Florida takes on a new look after a massive landshift early Wednesday dropped the Miami-Fort Lauderdale area into the depths of the Atlantic. There have been no fatalities reported; helicopters and surface vessels of the various divisions of the Armed Forces worked tirelessly throughout the day and night in a gigantic and successful rescue effort.

Hundreds of Nazarenes discovered their careful plans for Spring Break and General Assembly had to be drastically changed today when the news reached campus that a large section of Florida had fallen into the Atlantic Ocean.

At 8:45 a.m. EST, a portion of real estate measuring approximately 60 by 95 miles and containing the cities of Fort Lauderdale and Miami slid quietly beneath the surface of the Atlantic. Thousands of people were rescued from the choppy waters by a massive flotilla of Coast Guard and Naval craft, assisted by helicopters manned by Air Force and Marine Corps crews. At last count, the total population in the area at the time of the catastrophe (3,417,346) was accounted for. Two people were hospitalized with severe sunburn, and thousands were treated for minor abrasions and shock at emergency centers hastily set up by Red Cross and Army medical teams.

Scientists in the area attempting to determine the reason for the massive landshift were unable to state any definite cause. Opinions ranged from the sudden collapse of an undiscovered natural fault or the pressure-shift of a

sedimentary sill beneath the Everglades, to the opinion, stated by one Albert Hackbrane, geologist's geologist and crackpot extraordinaire, that sharks had eaten away the coastline below the ocean, leaving that section unsupported by the continental shelf. Hackbrane was subsequently examined at the State Hospital in Orlando and later released.

General Superintendents at

Nazarene Headquarters in Kansas City expressed their deep sense of loss that the General Assembly could no longer be held in Miami. "How sad," mused Dr. Young. "We felt certain that California would be the first to fall into the sea. And now, after locating clear across the continent, to lose our meeting-place in spite of our care... well, it's just sad, that's all..."

A greater sense of outrage was expressed by the hundreds of ONC students who had planned to spend their Spring Vacation on the sunny beaches of Fort Lauderdale and Miami. "Why us?" was the common complaint heard on campus, amid discussions that maybe California really wasn't too far after all, and there are always of course the Ozarks and what's wrong with Colorado?

Eminent scientist Hackbrane had the last word. "Such a Proplem", he declared at a press conference this forenoon, "is a matter of the most exceeding gravity. It iss my studied opinion that the main source of the proplem iss: overweight. American has too many people, and these people have too many thinkgs and all these thinkgs and people together create too much veight for the poor earth to hold up and the vibrations from the machines and automobiles and such iss too much for the earth's crust and so the crust break off."

"This instance is just a warning. More people, more thinkgs, more accidents. Could HAPPEN ANYWHERE! COULD HAPPEN ANYTIME! HOW YOU LIKE KANSAS CITY TO FALL INTO THE OCEAN, HAH!???"



Eminent geologist Dr. Albert Hackbrane at a press conference in Orlando after the catastrophe. (ONC press-photo)



The garbage-can grouch in his new residence, coughing dust in the cameraman's face.

Garbage-Can Grouch Takes Up Residence At ONC

Interview by Jenna Sandayes with Melps Phanley

The garbage-can grouch, reported missing from the set of "Sesame Street" in late February, has been most recently sighted on Olivet's campus. This notorious character is actually quite harmless except for a basically bad attitude. He is almost indescribable, although he does maintain a few consistent traits, not the least of which is an abiding love for vessels of unsanitation.

He is most at home groveling in the dark dank depths of said receptacle, unencumbered by the weight of social or economic prestige, or even any sense of time. He remains a peaceful, content organism, delighting in the wads of gum, dirty tissues, and empty cans of pop thrown into his home. At other times his true personality oozes to the surface when human beings find a strange delight in sadistically banging against the side of his can or in defiantly knocking the whole thing over as part of some big joke. It is at these times that the grouch emerges, his face contorted in rage at being so rudely disturbed. As his sensitive eyes meet daylight, he coughs dust in the intruder's face and makes his way back into his gloomy and malodorous lair.

Monday of this week we were granted an interview with the grouch, who says he will make his temporary residence in the garbage can just outside of Ludwig Center. He has picked this can not because of its beauty, (which incidentally he hates), but because he will be able to shout rude remarks at students as they pass by and stare. "Staring is very impolite," he told us.

"Olivet was just the change I needed," the grouch went on to tell us. "All my life I have lived in the big-city cans, never knowing when the contents of my home would be emptied by the city collectors. Here I can collect my treasures in peace, for no one ever uses the garbage cans. It's good to know there are a few sloppy people left in this neurotically neat world."

The grouch then invited us to inspect the inside of his home, which we did with pleasure. This would surely be something the students of Olivet would cherish; ideas on how to decorate their own rooms. The walls of the can were basic grey with patches of brown grass stuck in convenient places, "for effect". The bottom of the can was a collage of gum wrappers and pink cards. "They use a lot of these around here, don't they?" commented the grouch.

He offered us a half-eaten apple and we graciously declined, saying we must hurry back to write the whole thrilling encounter down. When asked if he had any parting words, the grouch replied, "Just tell your readers it's not easy being a grouch. If it weren't for all the singing and whistling and "Hello, how are you's" I might consider staying here permanently. At least the people in the city knew a few four-letter words to say when I threw their newspapers back at them or when I sprayed some of my "Garbage Scent" cologne around on a windy day." And with that he closed the lid of his home and went back to doing whatever it is that grouches do inside garbage cans.

Editor's note: This edition has been especially prepared for no one's edification. It is not intended to enlighten, merely to entertain. There may be a few wry truths hidden in the verbiage here and there, but for the most part it is strictly in fun. If you can't enjoy it, okay. There are always other chances. Have a good vacation. If you don't pretend you did when you come back, anyway.

garn turner

Glimmerglass

OFFICIAL STUDENT PUBLICATION OF OLIVET NAZARENE COLLEGE
Kankakee, Illinois

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The GLIMMERGLASS is the official student newspaper of Olivet Nazarene College. It is published fortnightly and sometimes more often, with exceptions made for vacation and exam weeks, flood, fire, pestilence, and uncontrollable sloth. Subscription rates (to defray the cost of postage) are a dollar-twenty-five per semester, two dollars per year. The opinions expressed in the GLIMMERGLASS are those of the writers and are not to be interpreted as opinions of the administration or associated students of Olivet Nazarene College by any means. Letters may be addressed to GLIMMERGLASS, box 24, Olivet Nazarene College, Kankakee, Illinois 60901.

Letters, Calls, Complaints and Great Thoughts From Our Readers

Almighty Garn:
As Guardian and Perpetrator of the Corporate Intellect of Olivet Tangerine College, I feel that you are in a suitable position to address yourself to my personal enigma. To wit—I AM TOTALLY OVERWHELMED BY THE ASININITY OF MY EXISTENCE. I shall spare you the boredom of further details, however, for I realize your work time is limited.

I would deeply appreciate some of your illustrious feedback on this. You are my last hope—I have tried everyone else.

Sincerely,
Bessie Bray

My dear Miss Bray:

You may not realize it, but asininity is not an uncommon affliction; its recognition, however, is much rarer. In your case, you have already made a beginning—you have faced your exist-

ence truly and squarely and honestly declared it asinine.

"What next!" you cry? Well, it seems to me that a constructive solution to your problem is not only possible, but entirely probable. If you wish to employ your asininity to bring happiness into the lives of others, this can be done. Several fourth-year freshman on campus presently follow this altruistic pattern to make their asininity a joy instead of a burden—they think.

On the other hand, if interpersonal relationships are not that important to you, consider; does your special asininity contain any elements that might make it commercially valuable? For instance, hundreds of songs are churned out yearly for the AM radio stations, most of them totally or primarily asinine. Or if you enjoy the spotlight, consider the Rock Music Industry—many individuals whose existence would be termed totally asinine have discovered acceptance and near-idolatry by

displaying their asininity onstage, before spotlights and an audience.

If, in spite of your attempts to put your asininity to creative use, you still feel it to be a galling weight instead of a joyous release, then despair. Nothing can be done. Some people are simply created to be asinine and to encumber the earth. If you are one such, fulfill the function for which you were created. However, it is my frank hope that you are not one of this sort. Though asininity in any form can never be truly pleasant to your fellow-mortals, this last form is the most unwelcome of all, and besides, there are no openings for any more at present; the lists are full and overflowing.

Sincerely,
Garn Turner

P.S.
Did I misunderstand your question? If so, please disregard my answer.

It is most excruciatingly difficult—at times infrequent and reprehensible—to recall that the only true purpose of newspaper editorial writing is incommensurate with the mass of vague and rapid and purposeless drive now infesting the journalistic trade. Upon such rare occasions, however, it is not always clear to a cursory appraisal or perusal that a tergoversation of the lowest degree has transpired. How to excuse such treachery is a question beyond the powers of the average reader! To comprehend that such an act has taken place—when it is cloaked in the most perfidious piffle, as in the present instance—is even further from his powers.

EDITORIAL

Dear Editor,

I think it's about time for someone to take a look at some of life's real problems. I have done a great deal of nothing in my life and I believe this to be what has provided me with the well-rounded and stable life which I lead. By nothing, I mean that I have done little reading, discussing, and thinking. I actually believe that the more a person reads, exchanges ideas and thinks, the more unhappy that person is going to be. I will attempt to show the damage that each of these three things can and most likely will do if a person is not careful.

Reading is not real dangerous compared to the other two, but it should be done if the individual fully understands how to avoid discussing and more important, thinking about what he is reading. At first this may seem difficult, but with practice and a little

experience it will become natural. One must keep in mind that what he is reading is, of course, truth or it would not have been printed. It is also good for a person to pick a field of study and reading material that suits his beliefs so as to avoid the embarrassing situation of having to think for any longer than it takes to decide that you agree with what has been said.

Discussions are a little more dangerous than reading simply because it is harder to be selective. An individual may find himself in company with people who disagree with him and this is most perilous. It is almost impossible to keep from thinking when this happens. Don't be discouraged however, because if properly prepared one can hurl a barrage of cliches and platitudes—even Bible verses out of context are very useful for arguments. After running out of such useful tools one can get angry, call his oppo-

nent a few names and then leave feeling satisfied that what he has said is true even if he didn't understand what it was he was talking about.

Thinking is the last and worst problem we have to deal with. Thinking will eventually bring a person to the realization that "I don't know all the answers." When this happens the individual will read and try to understand, discuss and try to listen, perhaps hearing or reading something that would cause him to change a point of view here, a habit there and a lot of other troublesome things like that. Now don't get me wrong, some of my best friends are thinkers, but when I see how hard they work and what thanks they get, I know my way is the best way and if you don't think about it I'm sure you'll agree.

Dr. C.U. Drivel



by Rick Mitz

You'd think I was trying to leave the country to dodge the draft or smuggle narcotics into Baton Rouge, Louisiana, or hijack a plane or cross against the light. All I was doing was trying to find a place to live.

For reasons not worth explaining (but, of course, I will anyway) I wanted to move out of my apartment. My apartment was one of those primitive tenements that used to be a Chinese noodle factory but some local developers decided that with a few cardboard walls stuck here and there—mostly here—it would

be suitable for student dwelling. So for three years, I dwelled.

It was painted, or had grown, Mausoleum Mauve. It had peeling purple flowered wallpaper, a hole in the wall for a phone, those pink plastic folding doors that crinkle at night when you open them and wake up the whole building. And lots and lots of green warped linoleum. A bedroom in the hallway, a hallway in the bedroom, a kitchen in a broom closet. But with a dishwasher. A typical campus apartment. You know the one I mean. You probably live in it.

So I put an ad, which I could ill-afford, in the Sunday paper. "Young writer seeks middle-class dwelling. . ."

At 6:30 Sunday morning the phone rang.

"How young?"

"Huh?"

"How young? Are you, that is."

"Oh, I'm 22."

"You're too young to live here," the voice croaked. "And furthermore, don't bother me anymore at 6:30 in the morning, you dirty hippie." Click.

(continued on page 3)

(Rick Mitz—continued from page 2)

I went back to sleep in my hallway. And an hour later...
 "Come right over. Have I got a place for you. Luxurious, like you wouldn't believe. It's just what you want: Old World Charm. A lovely bedroom, a kitchen in which you could eat off the floor. Beautiful green shiny floors and modern doors. And a dishwasher. We're going to evict the fellow who lives there now. You sound like a nice boy" (I hadn't said a word except Hullo) "so come right over."

"Where is this place?" I asked. He proceeded to give me my own address.

And so it was back to bed. But not for long. For the next forty minutes, the phone didn't stop ringing. So I put on a Sunday suit and a tie-dyed tie and started out.

The middle-aged lady and her husband in the pink-painted house asked me to sit down. "Can we make you a drink or roll you a joint or anything?" she asked.

"We are interested in getting someone young—someone Hip, Hep and With It, to live here," she said. "We understand the Youth Movement and hope to have some Meaningful Dialogue," she continued. "We're very Now, Relevant and Flowing People. Ernie, my husband, bought a pair of bell bottoms yesterday. Didn't you, Ernie?" Ernie nodded and ran into his room to try them on. "So you see, Man, we think we know Where It's At and we think that Where It's At is here." I nodded, wondering where what was at.

"May we Rap for awhile?" she asked, smoothing out the wrinkles in her aging mini.

"Will you be having loud and riotous hallucinogenic drug parties?"

"No."

"Oh. But you are an acid-rock freak and play it loud all day and all night?"

"No. I'm an opera buff, actually."

"Well. Will you be holding peace rallies and protest marches in and around the area of the house—you know, Up the System

and all that.'..."
 "I don't think so."
 "Ernieeeeeee!" she shouted.
 "Don't bother putting on your bells for this square. We don't want him here."

The next three apartments are not worth going into in any great detail. One was blue brick ("Get a hair cut, sonnie, and you can move in."), another was white painted wood ("No smoking, or drinking, or pets, people, talking or breathing.") and one was gray stucco ("Why isn't a nice boy like you at home with your mother?")

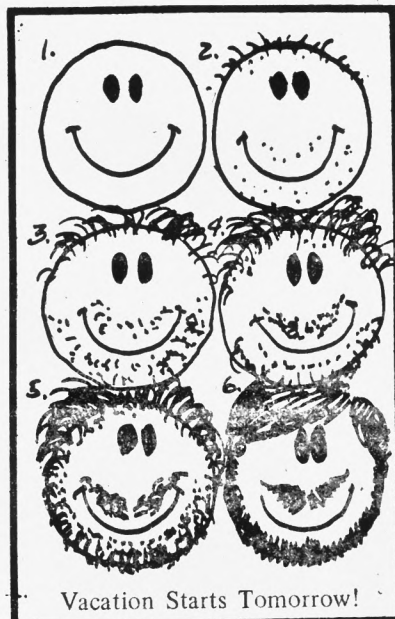
And then I found it. Large brick, a real bedroom, solid wood floors, two blocks from the college Animal Husbandry building—and cheap.

"Say, aren't you Rick Mitz, youthful columnist?" the chipper landlord chirped.

"Yes," I blushed.

"I've read all your columns. Every one." He paused. "We don't want you here."

Well, I've finally moved. It's quite a bit more expensive than my old apartment. And it's quite far from campus. But it does have its charms. It's one of those primeval apartments that used to be an Italian Lasagne factory. It has those pink plastic folding doors and lots of green warped linoleum. And a bedroom in the hallway. And I hang my clothes over the stove. No dishwasher. But it's home.



Campus Colloquy

Nothing Succeeds Like Success

(One of the funniest and most popular of the American innocents abroad is the newspaper humorist Art Buchwald, who has been called the most comic American observer of the European scene since Mark Twain. His columns for the Los Angeles Times Syndicate appear in some 450 newspapers from Enid, Oklahoma to Israel. Since January 1949, when Buchwald began turning out his columns for the European (Paris) edition of the New York Herald Tribune, Buchwald has been entertaining readers with his spirited and sometimes irreverent comments on the celebrities and tourists who came and went on the European scene. Mr. Buchwald presently has 16 books to his credit, including 14 collections of his columns and miscellaneous writings, two guides to Paris, and one novel entitled *A Gift from the Boys*.)

I know no one will believe me, but you're just going to have to take my word for it. I met a college student the other day who said that all he wanted out of life was success and financial security.

He asked me not to use his name because he didn't want to embarrass his parents, so I shall call him Hiram.

"Hiram," I asked him, "Why did you decide to take this revolutionary attitude toward society?"

"I don't know exactly when it happened. I was like most of the rest of the students. I wanted to tear down the school, the society, the establishment. I was just another conformist, and I never questioned why I was doing all the things that were expected of me."

"Then one day I thought to

myself, 'There's got to be more to life than getting hit over the head by the cops.' I looked around me and saw nothing but sheep. Every student was doing his thing because someone else had done his thing, and no one was doing or saying anything new."

"So you decided to drop out of the student movement and become a millionaire?"

"Not at first. But I met this girl. She was really way out. She wore a cashmere sweater, a plaid skirt and she had on shoes and socks—I couldn't believe anyone would dress like that. But I got started talking to her, and she started making sense."

"She said it wasn't enough to lock yourself in a building or go on a hunger strike in your dorm. If you really wanted to change the world, you had to make a lot of money, and then people wouldn't tell you what to do."

"That's awfully radical thinking," I said.

"Then she gave me a book by Prof. Horatio Alger, and I guess no book I ever read has had more of an effect on me."

"Wasn't Prof. Alger the one who came out first with the success syndrome theory?"

"That's he. His story floored me. I mean a whole new world opened for me, and I knew no matter what the consequences were and no matter what other people thought, I was going to work hard and become rich and successful. Life finally took on some meaning for me, and for

the first time I felt like a free man."

"What did you do then?"

"I discovered through this girl that there were other students on campus who felt the way I did—not many, but there were enough. So we formed a group called the 'Students for a Successful Society.' At first we had to go underground, because the administration would not acknowledge us as a legitimate campus organization. But as more and more students heard about us, the SSS kept growing. We've been able to radicalize at least 200 students who would rather be rich than do their thing."

"What are some of your activities to get more supporters?"

"We sell the Wall Street Journal on campus. We've opened a coffeehouse where you can read back copies of Fortune. We have a stock market ticker tape in the back of the room, and on weekends we have readings from the National Assn. of Manufacturers Bulletins."

"Hiram, I know this all sounds great. But is it possible that this success syndrome movement is just a passing fad?"

"No, it isn't. I know everyone calls us kooks and weirdos, but no one is going to push us around. We've already had inquiries from some other campuses that want to set up similar chapters, and I wouldn't be surprised in the next few years to see what is now a minority movement become the strongest force in the country. After all, nothing succeeds like success."

Art Buchwald

PERHAPS ONE OF THE GREATER PROBLEMS TODAY IS THAT SOME PEOPLE MIGHT BE CONSIDERED TOO WISHY-WASHY SOMETIMES.

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 SHAKES
 SOFT DRINKS
 SUNDAES



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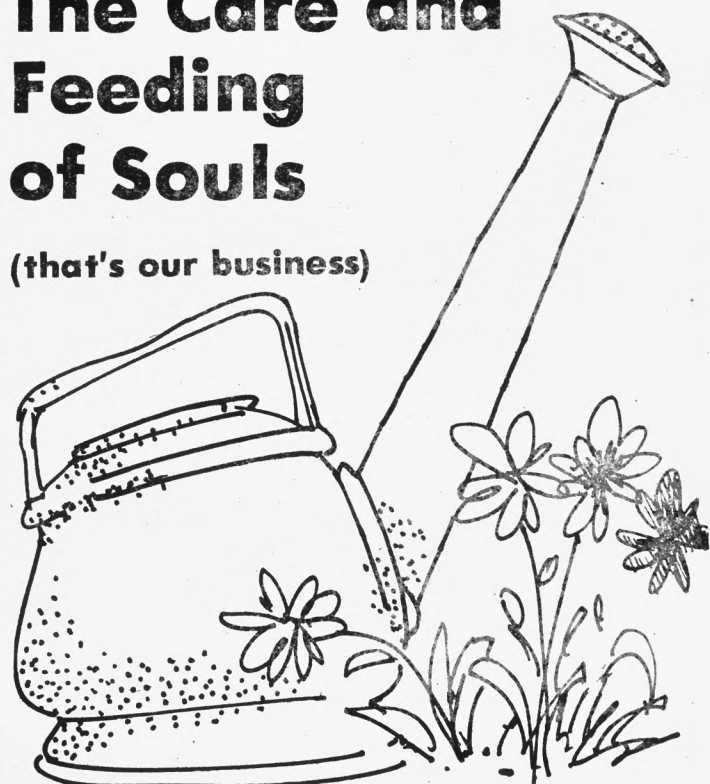
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COLLEGE CHURCH

The Day God Took Off

God said to Himself one day, "I'm tired."

So, God took the day off. He put the angels in charge And told them He wanted to take a one-day vacation. The angels said, "Yes, God. We'll take care."

It wasn't long until trouble hit. The angels, just a bunch of kids with a new toy, Couldn't decide who would do what. There was all kinds of fighting and screaming until one angel said, "Let's do like the humans—have an election."

So the angels elected Gabriel to take charge. His first act was to appoint a veep, a tax collector, And a secretary. His appointments made one angel unhappy; He took a bunch of his buddies and plotted to destroy Gabriel. Gabriel then held an hour-long purge, where all revolting Angels were cast out of heaven. The Supreme Court of Heaven Deemed the act unconstitutional, but later okayed it.

Down on Earth, the outcasts were causing trouble. Prayer groups were having trouble getting through. Someone suggested a great revival, because all the lines To Heaven were tied up. So they called Arrowhead Springs. "No great revivals that we've heard of," was the answer. "But your call isn't the first. Madeline Murray is really Harping, 'God is dead, God is dead, I told you all along.'" The outcasts were stirring up wars and riots by the dozens. Even the angels got worried. Where is God? We need help!!

So Gabriel appointed a commission to study the matter. The angels took a couple of hours, came to Earth and looked around. They talked to Billy Graham, Pope Paul, and Dr. Sayes. Even Johnny Carson got worried, and someone called his show, And before world-wide television, suggested a world-wide Hour-of-prayer to get God back. President Nixon issued a plea Pope Paul called all Catholics to Mass. Buddhists, Moslems, Everybody prayed. Mao, Brezhnev and Tito wondered What madness the world had come to. It was 11:59 p.m. when God re-entered the Universe. He heard the prayers, the pleas. What's this all about? He thought as He entered Heaven. As Gabriel knelt before Him, God smiled, raised him up and asked, "Who started the revival?"

by Mort Goble

Treble Clef Requested To Sing At White House

by Seena Dayes

The President of the United States has requested a command performance from Olivet's own Treble Clef Choir. The forty-voice all-girl choir will be singing for the President and his family on Saturday, April 1. The concert climaxes the three-day nationwide tour beginning April 30.

The choir's director disclosed that the choir's purple dresses will be replaced with tiger hot pants made especially for the tour. The choir's two guitarists, the only other men in the choir, will be provided with matching sweat pants and muscle shirts with the letters ONU in purple and gold. The director would not tell what he would be wearing, only that his wife had been working all week copying the clothes worn by the Osmond Brothers.

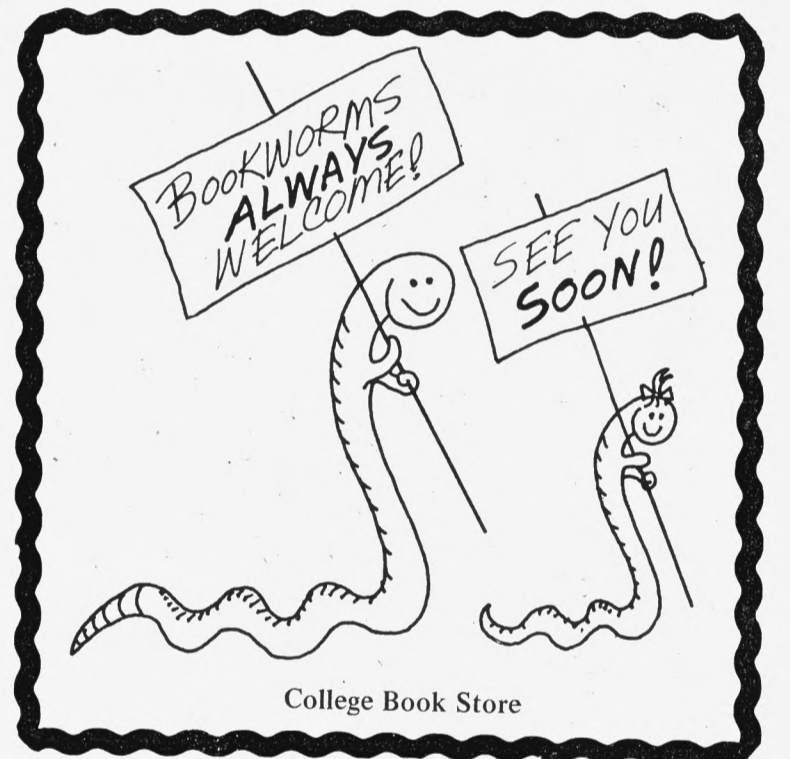
The tour will take the choir to such internationally known places as Sturgis, Michigan and Elkhart, Indiana. In preparation for the concert at the White House, the whole program has been altered. The songs have been carefully selected to give a true picture of Olivet and the choir. Such songs as "Going to Kansas City," or better known as "The Religion Major's Dream," "Honkey-Tonk Woman," "Hanky-Panky," "The Days of Wine and Roses," and their theme song, "Where is Love," will be included along with a modified version of the Alma Mater. When asked why the program was rearranged, the president of the choir could only hold back a giggle.

The Handbell choir will also be traveling with them. Their repertoire has been entitled, "Ring My Chimes," and will include their hit, "Shake it Up, Baby, Twist and Shout." A very active group, the Handbell choir boasts a membership of eight.



This is the old Treble Clef look that got them to the White House, but tiger-stripe hot pants may keep them there.

A special celebration has been planned upon the return of the Vikings choir has refused to take part in the welcome, calling the whole thing a farce. To this the members of Treble Clef have replied emphatically, "It is!" the other choirs on campus.



Re-Elect for Member of Kankakee County Board District 7

REPUBLICAN



STANLEY VOIGT



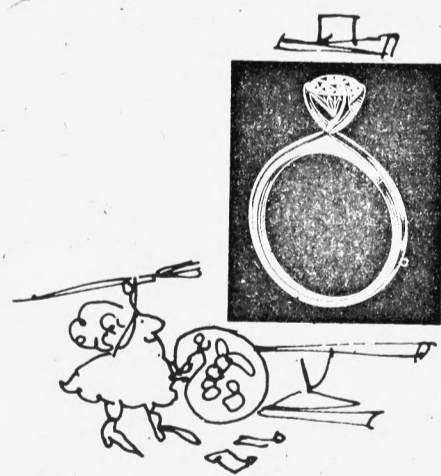
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